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What do the angels sing of Thee?

H. MARY WILSON. (A CHRISTMAS CAROL FOR CHILDREN.) J. W. WILSON, Jun.

Slow.

1. What do the an - gels sing of Thee, Ho - ly Babe?
 2. What did the wise men of - fer Thee, Ho - ly Babe?
 3. What did the shepherds bring to Thee, Ho - ly Babe?
 4. What may the chil-dren of - fer Thee, Ho - ly Babe?

Quicker.

Car - ol - ling in glad ac - cord, They an end - less
 Won - drous faith their gifts en - twine, For they gave the
 Crowd - ing through the low - ly door, Rea - dy there to
 May they too bring will - ing-ly? Yea, like these their

rall.

love re - cord, And the birth - day of the Lord,
 Child di - vine Wealth that told His prince - ly line,
 trust, a - dore, Brought they love in rich - est store,
 gifts may be, Praise and faith and cha - ri - ty,

tempo. cres. rall. dim.

And they sang to Thee, Gen - tle Babe.
 Hom - age deep for Thee, King - ly Babe.
 All their best for Thee, Sin - less Babe.
 Hearts and lives for Thee, Heav'n - ly Babe.

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AUNT MAI'S BUDGET.*

BY MRS. F. STEINTHAL.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—You know, of course, that only at Christmas time are you allowed to have any secrets from your mother and father. For a few weeks before Christmas day, you are allowed to keep the nursery door shut, so that mother cannot hear what is going on, and if she does, by chance, get into the room she won't ask you why you so quickly jump up and cover something up with a newspaper or a table cloth. Why should this be? Why may you have secrets to keep this month, and no other? Is it not because you want to surprise your parents, who do so much for you?

Of course, aunties are allowed to know all you are doing, so we will have a little chat together about what little hands can make, and you had better ask mother not even to read this letter, so that we can really give her a big surprise. Now, children, do not *buy* your presents. Mother and father like, above everything else, to receive something you have made yourself. They are so clever that they can see all the love you put into a present when it is your own work. I will suppose that little boys or girls of four or five want to know what they can do. You might make mother a pincushion. Ask a big sister to cut out two circles of thin cardboard, about two inches in width, make a hole in the centre and draw lines from it nearly to the edge, rather close together. Then thread your needle with any coloured silk, bring it up through the hole, and put it back again through the end of one of the lines, up through the end of the next line, down through the

* We hope the grown-ups will not mind a great share of the Christmas Number being devoted to the chicks and their editor.—ED.

hole, and so on, until you have worked a star on the cardboard. Work the second card in the same way. If you do three lines every day, you will have it ready for Christmas Day. Then cut out three circles of cloth and bind them round the edge, all together, with a string of plush or velvet, the colour of the sewing silk. Fasten this with gum or bull dog paste, but don't get it on your fingers or clothes. When this is quite dry, gum the pieces of board on both sides. A pincushion that was made last Christmas by a little boy of four has been in constant use ever since.

A child of six might make a cat penwiper for his father. First draw a cat sitting up, about three inches high on a piece of cardboard about three inches high, then cut out a piece of dark cloth over the pattern; make the eyes with two beads and put a red dot for the nose and mouth, and put white cotton whiskers with the ends sticking out, and which make pussy look very life like. Cut out three pieces of cloth the same shape, and stitch them on to the cat round the neck. Tie a narrow piece of red ribbon round the stitches, and leave the bow standing out at one side. Penwipers the shape of a tall hat can also be made, and a hat band fastened on, with the conventional bow sewn on the front. Girls of nine could make bedroom slippers. One little girl a year or two since, saved her pennies to buy warm lamb's wool soles, and then knitted the tops, and greatly surprised her mother, who did not know her little daughter could knit. Boys could paint a flower or a little picture, and make frames for their works of art.

But you must all be tired of reading such a long letter, so if you want any more help write to me and I will try to help you. Now, my dear children, I wish you *all* a very, very Merry Christmas.

Your loving
AUNTIE MAI.

A CHRISTMAS VISION.

BY MISS F. HANSON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—

THE CHRISTMAS FAIRY.

SANTA CLAUS.

ELSIE.

PHILIP.

DICK : Elsie's Canary.

ROYAL : Philip's Dog.

THE NURSE.

(In the First Scene the parts of Dick and Royal may be taken by a real bird and dog, or by toy ones. In the Second Scene they must be represented by children dressed in a way that will suggest the characters.)

SCENE I.—THE NURSERY.

(A cage containing the canary hanging near the windows, toys scattered about and broken. Enter the Xmas Fairy and Santa Claus.)

FAIRY : Dear Santa Claus, our task is nearly done.

From house to house we've wandered ; one by one
We've looked upon each home, ourselves unseen,
Observed the children's words and acts and mien
Before you left your gifts. Each child we test
Ere we bestow what will, for it, be best—

(looks round) No children here—we'll wait till they return.

SANTA CL. : But something of their nature we may learn,

While they are absent, if we look around—
These broken toys, discarded, on the ground—
Are surely signs of carelessness, neglect ?

FAIRY : Alas, you're right. We cannot but suspect

They do not value what they have. Ah, here
Is something worse than carelessness, I fear,

(goes up to cage) The cage uncleaned, no food, no water ! Oh,
'Tis *cruelty* to treat a creature so !

Poor little bird—in vain you peck the wire.

SANTA CL.: I hear them coming now—we must retire.
(They go out of sight, as Elsie and Philip rush in, chasing a dog with a tin pail tied to his tail. Dog escapes.)

PHIL.: Oh dear, he's gone—it is too bad! I vow
 We have no fun at all with Royal now.

ELSIE: It isn't fun to him perhaps. But dear!
 There's nothing else to do—it's stupid here.

PHIL.: Oh, *stupid's* not the word—it's deadly *slow*.
 I do want something new. I'd like to know
 What we shall get this Christmas?

ELSIE: Why, you see,
 Last Christmas you had Royal. Goodness me,
 How pleased you were with him—and all your toys.
 And now you hate them all. That's so like boys!

PHIL.: You need'nt talk, for you are quite as bad.
 Just look at all the pretty things you had—
 All broken up. And there is Dicky there,
 Your last year's pet, and now you never care
 To see he gets his food or water.

ELSIE: Well,
 I can't remember everything, I tell
 The servants, but they never notice me.
 I'll get him some just now—at once—you'll see—
(Goes up to cage, glances out of window and stops).
 Oh look! Some mummers, Phil, upon my word!

PHIL.: *(starting forward.)* Not really, Elsie?

ELSIE: Don't they look absurd?
(Both look out of window. Enter nurse.)

PHIL.: Oh, can't we go?

NURSE: To bed? Of course you can.

PHIL.: No, in the street! Just see that funny man!

NURSE: Dear child, what stuff you talk!

Go out to-night?

You'll go to bed!

ELSIE: It really isn't right
 To send us yet—it's Christmas Eve!

NURSE: It's late,
 You usually go to bed at eight,
 And now, it's nearly nine o'clock. And then
 Your Christmas Day will come the sooner when
 You're fast asleep. And you know what it brings!

ELSIE: I hope some really nice new sorts of things,
 I'm tired of all the old ones—

PHIL.: I am, too.

NURSE: Well, run along to bed—the pair of you.
(Exit nurse and children.—Fairy and Santa Claus come forward.)

FAIRY: Alas, poor bird. Your mistress gone to bed,
 All thoughts of you are driven from her head,
 And selfish fancies fill it.

SANTA CLAUS: Something new
 They're asking for!

FAIRY: And they shall have it, too

SANTA CLAUS: No! No new toys or gifts for them, dear friend,
 We see from these their joy will quickly end
 And turn to carelessness and scorn. To such
 I give no Christmas treasures. Far too much
 They have already. Better take away
 The pets they tease and torture every day.

FAIRY: No gifts you shall bestow of common kind;
 And yet I would that we could leave behind
 A better spirit. Let it be our parts
 To touch and waken these poor children's hearts.
 It is but want of thought. They do not feel
 The wrong they do; but if we could reveal
 Their actions to themselves without disguise,
 And let them see themselves with others' eyes,
 Could we not make them better, wiser?

SANTA CLAUS: True,
 'Twould surely be the kindest deed to do!
 A better gift than any I can give,
 From out my store, and lasting while they live.
 But how accomplish it?

FAIRY: You doubt my power?
 Come with me now. I'll summon to my bower
 These children we would teach true wisdom's laws,
 With them their living pets to plead their cause,
 Transformed to mortal shape; and when that's done
 One lesson more, a last but bitter one,
 Shall follow and complete our task ere day.
 They'll wake with kindlier hearts. Now come away!

[CURTAIN.]

SCENE II.—THE FAIRY'S BOWER.

(*Fairy seated on her throne. Santa Claus standing near. Royal and Dick behind the Fairy's throne.*)

FAIRY (*waves wand*): Come Elsie! Philip! come, obey my call!
Come from your slumbers to the Fairy's hall.

(*Enter Elsie and Philip in night dresses. They stare about.*)

ELSIE: Where *can* we be, and pray how have we come?
We can't have walked barefooted, Phil, from home?

PHIL: I cannot think. Oh, who are these? (*pointing to Fairy and Santa Claus.*)

ELSIE (*going towards Santa Claus*): I know; (*clapping her hands with delight*): It's Santa Claus!

PHIL: This is a jolly go!
We'll ask for what we want just right away.
(*to Santa Claus*): I want—I want (*putting his hand to his forehead and pausing.*)

I don't know *what* to say!

I want a heap of things, but yet—somehow
I can't think what they are—at least not now.
Perhaps you'll let me look, sir, at your store,
Is it all here, or have you something more?

ELSIE (*as Santa Claus remains silent, looking at them*):
He doesn't answer you—you're not polite,
And so he'll give you nothing—serves you right!
(*to S. C.*): Dear Santa Claus, I know you'll not refuse
To let *me* look a little—just to choose
My Christmas gifts.

SANTA CL. (*sternly*):

No, no, you are not here
For Christmas gifts or play—We shall, I fear,
Much disappoint you both. We know you well,
Have visited your nursery—Could tell
Sad tales of how you treat your playthings—How
They're tossed aside and broken up. Well now
Those who ill-treat the things they have—from me
Get nothing!

ELSIE: Nothing! What a shame to be
Treated like this. I'm sure we've always been
As good as other children I have seen.

We're just as careful with our toys—in fact
I think we're rather better.

FAIRY: So you act
Quite to your satisfaction I suppose?

PHIL. (*sulkily*): We're well enough.

FAIRY: You think that no one knows
The way you treat your faithful dog, poor Roy?

PHIL: I guess I act like any other boy,
I only tease him now and then a bit;
It doesn't hurt him.

FAIRY: Dear me, doesn't it?
And you? (*to Elsie.*)

ELSIE: I haven't got a dog at all.

FAIRY: No, but your bird, poor thing, may feebly call
All day for food and water—and in vain.

ELSIE: Oh dear, why I've forgotten him again!
But then he doesn't mind it as *we* should.

FAIRY: You're sure of that?

ELSIE: It's surely understood
A bird is different from a child. Of course
He doesn't like it, but it would be worse
If he were free; he gets some food you see,
And wild birds starve quite often—

FAIRY: But are free,
And therefore happy. Well, it's very true,
That birds and dogs are not like Phil and you,
Not altogether. But that you may hear
Just what they think and feel, I've called them here,
To let you know their side.

PHIL (*laughing*): They cannot speak,
Why, Roy can only bark.

ELSIE: And Dicky squeak.

FAIRY: Come forward, Roy and Dicky.
(*The two come from behind the throne.*)

PHIL: Who are these?

FAIRY: This is poor Dick—this Royal, if you please.

ELSIE: Can this be Dick? The *colour's* right, I own.

PHIL: And Royal's altered—I should not have known
The dog again. And yet he's got the thing
I fastened to his tail.

ELSIE: And Dicky's wing

Has lost the feather that he dropped. Why, yes,
It must be so. I really cannot guess
How they have altered in this way, and yet
I feel they are themselves.

PHIL.: They don't forget
Us either, I can see, they're staring so.
I wish we hadn't come.

ELsie: Well, let us go.
FAIRY: Oh, no, not yet. Come, Dicky, tell us true,
What does your little mistress do to you?

DICK: She never gives me anything to eat,
She never makes my prison clean and neat,
She never gives me water. There I stay,
And long for her to notice me each day.
And now and then a kindly servant comes
And fills my water-glass and scatters crumbs.
Or else I should have died. Such cruel pain
I suffer, and I cry and cry in vain.
'Tis hard to be deprived of liberty.
But harder still to pine away and die—
Ah, *once* my mistress loved me—long ago.
But now, I am forgotten—quite!

ELsie: No! No!
Oh, Dicky, dear, I never meant—you see,
I never thought you cared and felt like *me*.

DICK: I've suffered hunger, and I've suffered thirst.
But ah, to lose my mistress' love was worst.
To feel forlorn, neglected—no caress
Is lavished on me now. I used to bless
The loving hand that fed me, and the voice
That spoke endearing words to me—rejoice
When Elsie's step I heard—

ELsie (*interrupting*): Oh, Dicky, dear,
Don't say another word, and never fear
I'll treat you so again. Poor little bird,
And so you cried and Elsie never heard!

(*Begins to pet Dick*).

FAIRY: Now, Royal, tell what tortures you endure.

Roy.: Alas, kind Fairy, I am very sure
Your heart will break to hear them. I've no peace,
Hunted and dragged about without release!

And such indignities—why, look at *that*,
(*pointing to the pan fastened to his clothing*)
I can't think anyone would treat a cat
In such a manner.

PHIL.: Nonsense, Roy—dear me,
It doesn't hurt you!

ROY.: Doesn't it? You'd see
If you had pans and kettles tied to *you*!

PHIL.: Well, well, perhaps—but still, it isn't true
I'm *always* teasing you. It's only fun.
You know I never mean to hurt. No one
Could be a better master on the whole.

ROY.: I'd like to see a worse! My friends condole
With me and pity me. A year ago
When I first came to you, it was not so—
You fondled me and praised me—for my part
I loved you from the bottom of my heart—
What have I done to change you?

PHIL.: Nothing!

ROY.: Well,
Why you should treat me so I cannot tell.
PHIL.: It's just because I've nothing else to do,
And so, poor dog, I take to teasing you.
Yes, it is mean, I own it. Never mind,
If you'll forgive me, I'll be just as kind
As I know how to be.

ROY.: Forgive you? Yes,
All is forgotten with one kind caress. (*Phil pets Roy.*)

SANTA CLAUS:
Forgiving creatures! Will this really last,
And will the children not repeat the past?
Sometimes they may forget and once again
Poor Roy and Dicky suffer want and pain.
Once more that creatures feel they may forget.

FAIRY: Too true, I fear. We have not finished yet.
No, they must feel themselves in very fact
The pain that others suffered by their act,
And by experiencing the self-same case,
They'll learn to put themselves in others' place.
(*To Elsie*) Sleep! And in dreams a helpless bird
you'll pine.

(*To Philip*) Sleep! In your dreams a wretched
dog you'll whine.

(*The children fall asleep. Fairy advances to front and
waves her wand.*)

FAIRY: Spell-bound they're lying. Visions of the night
Hover around and haunt them till the light.

[CURTAIN.]

SCENE III.—THE NURSERY.

*Christmas morning. Canary in cage. Enter Fairy
and Santa Claus.*

SANTA CLAUS: Now, e'er I leave the world another year,
I fain would hope I'd left behind good cheer,
And happy loving hearts. Is it too late
To give these children something?

FAIRY: Stay—we'll wait
And listen to their words. I wish to know
If they have really laid to heart or no
The lesson we would teach them. Here they are,
Let us go back and watch them from afar.

(*Retire as Phil and Elsie enter from different doors.*)

ELSIE: Oh, Philip, do you know, I've had such dreams!

PHIL: And so have I!

ELSIE: You know it hardly seems
As tho' I'd slept at all. I feel so queer,
Quite tired out—(*going up to cage*) Oh Dicky, are you
here?

I dreamt I saw you and you talked—

PHIL: Oh, yes!

And said you starved him.

ELSIE: Why, how did you guess?

PHIL: I must have dreamt it, too.

ELSIE: Well, Roy was there,
And told how you behaved.

PHIL: Well, I declare

We must have dreamt the same. The Fairy Queen
Sat on a throne—

ELSIE: And Santa Claus—

PHIL (*solemnly, looking hard at her*): We've been
In the same place—it can't be dreaming.

ELSIE: No,
It was so strange—they would not let us go
Till we had heard it all.

PHIL: Yes that was it!

ELSIE: And then—I can't remember—stop a bit,
Yes—then I was a bird it seemed.

PHIL: A bird!

ELSIE: Yes, in a cage, I know it sounds absurd.

But, oh, I was so hungry and so sad!

PHIL: I was a dog and that was just as bad;
I had a horrid time—they gave me blows,
And did all kinds of things. Oh, no one knows
All that I suffered.

ELSIE: Well, I never knew
Or heard such things. I wonder was it *true*
Or only dreaming?

PHIL: There's one thing at least,
Never again will I ill-treat a beast
The way I used, because, you see, I know
Just what it's like. I think I'd better go
And find poor Royal, shall I?

ELSIE: Yes, poor thing,
And I'll take Dicky. He'll begin to sing
When I have fed him, I daresay. Poor dear—
He hasn't got a grain of seed—I fear.

(*taking down the cage*) Oh, cheer up Dicky, I'll be good, I vow,
And never, never treat you badly now.

(*Exeunt Phil. and Elsie—the latter carrying the cage. Fairy
and Santa Claus advance to the front.*)

SANTA CL.: This is success—we'll hope that they will keep
Their resolutions bravely. Shall I seek
Some Christmas gifts for them within my pack
And leave them waiting here till they come back?

FAIRY: No, Santa Claus; the gift we leave behind
Is surely something of a better kind
Than anything you carry. This one night
Has taught these children something—to do right
To those dependent on them—to be good

And kind to all, for they have understood
That others feel as well as they. We leave
A better spirit, kinder hearts, which grieve
For all the past. And let us leave them so.
SANTA CL.: Agreed—we'll only say farewell and go.

(They retreat as the children enter and gaze at them in astonishment. Fairy and Santa Claus wave their hands and go as the curtain falls.)

FINIS.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Christmas presents are not always a source of unalloyed bliss to the giver, and occasionally, when the donor has chosen a gift because he would have liked it, not to the recipient. To receive such a gift with a smile and blush of pleasure, when disappointment is the dominant feeling, is a heroic effort worthy the days of the Spartan boy who carried the fox under his cloak.

I write on behalf of the children whose shelves and cupboards groan under the weight (if they are careful children) of their many toys. In many cases familiarity has bred contempt, and the cart and horse of last Christmas is ruthlessly destroyed to provide firewood for Guy Fawkes, or the doll and clown beheaded because Lady Jane Grey and Charles I. were, and the drum is broken on a younger brother's head, and for these children with their misplaced energy I also write. They are as *blasé* in their world as the oldest man about town is in his.

An intelligent mother of our acquaintance always considers first whether any toy under consideration is suggestive or not. A dredger which was largely sold last Christmas, which the child can only turn and turn, and watch innumerable buckets re-fill themselves with sand and patiently pour it out again, belongs to the non-suggestive class. The jolly marble game also comes under this head. The child is amused at first when the clowns bend over as the

marble falls into their cups, and then pass it on to the clown below, but only one part of his brain is attracted, and that soon becomes weary of the repetition because there is nothing for the child to do himself, no skill to try for. He is looking at something he has no personal interest in, and very soon the toy is broken or put up on the shelf, and the parent is surprised and disappointed because the child has ceased to care for it.

These toys resemble a finite verb, viz., a verb *limited* to some particular subject. A list might be drawn up by educationalists which might alleviate to some extent the agonies of choosing presents for the children. Last Christmas a child of five, who had just received seven or eight beautiful toys from the Christmas tree, was discovered playing with a cushion wrapped in a shawl as a doll half an hour later, the presents, which included a very fashionable wax doll, lying on the floor untouched. Set in practise temperance even in the giving of toys, and give *suggestive* not *finite* toys.

A writer in a contemporary magazine mentions the fact that Noah's arks are considered old-fashioned at the present time. In 1870 all children loved them, but now they lie on the highest shelves in the toy shops, covered with dust. What is the reason? The writer solves it thus: They are hardly likely to return to favour until each animal is made to wind up and walk into the ark of its own accord.

Another sad sign of the times is a play-thing that has just come out, which ought to shock all right thinking parents so much that it is very quickly relegated to the things that have been. It is a miniature bar with bottles, glasses, and engines complete. Who could buy such a toy for little children? Imagine a child being taught in the nursery to draw beer and mix drinks. What are we coming to when the Noah's arks are replaced by toy drinking saloons? I am glad to have seen in a lady's newspaper that the attention of other people has been drawn to such an ill-conceived toy. This writer adds sarcastically, "I shall not be surprised next year if I see toy abattoirs or model scaffolds, upon the approved Newgate pattern, on sale in our bazaars."

I will append a list of a few toys which belong to the

two classes, so that parents may clearly comprehend what is meant by the terms:—

Finite.

Fire Engine.
Dredger.
Bicycle Men to Wind up.
Toys that Wind up.
Water Cart.

Suggestive.

Cooking Stove (for girls).
Printing Press (for boys).
Dolls.
Tools.
Paint Boxes.
Noah's Arks.
Anchor Box Bricks.

—These are but few examples out of many.

Great difficulty is often felt in choosing presents for girls from thirteen to sixteen. They have got work-boxes, writing-desks, and various knick-knacks, and are too old for dolls, toys, etc. They have put away childish things, but have not sufficiently put on the "old man" to receive expensive pieces of jewelry.

They have each of them a bedroom which is their special sanctum, and I think nothing gives them more pleasure than to receive something that will beautify and decorate their own room, sacred to their treasure and their dreams.

I will give a list of casts, copies of old masters' works. They are all very beautiful, and would be of the greatest artistic educational value. To live for years with a small cast of the Venus Milo, and learn to love every line and position, and then to go and see the original in the Louvre marks an epoch in one's life. The point is that you have not to *begin at the beginning* when you see the original as it came from the master's touch; but the eye has got accustomed and the heart devoted to her beforehand; and so you begin with Knowledge, and Art reveals more of her hidden secrets to you, than she would have had the power to do if you only saw the Venus for the first time against the dark curtain in the Louvre.

The following statuettes, masks, busts, plaques, shields, etc., can be obtained from Mr. Alberti, modeller, 1, Oxford Road, Manchester. The prices are for the plaster casts; but Mr. Alberti can stain them so that they will wash and keep for ever, for very little more. Busts:—Apollo, 14 inches, 2s. 6d., 30 in., 12s. 6d.; Diana, 14 in., 2s. 6d., 28 in., 12s. 6d.; Homer, 22 in., 7s. 6d.; Venus de Milo, 20 in., 5s., 30 in., 10s. 6d.; Hebe, Thorwaldsen, 22 in., 5s.; Wagner, 8 in., 2s.;

Madam Recamier, 7s. 6d.; St. John, Michael Angelo, 5s. Madam Recamier has a sad but interesting history. She was modelled by a poor sculptor in Rome many years ago. He considered it his finest work, but could induce no one to buy it. So at last, broken-hearted, he placed the bust on a shelf in his studio and worked lifelessly at other models. He got poorer and poorer. One day a dealer from Paris came to see him, and when going round the studio, caught sight of Madam Recamier looking charming and sweet on the shelf, even through the dust which had settled on her. He at once offered to buy her for a mere song. The sculptor agreed, so near was he to starvation. The dealer carried her off, had casts taken, and to-day it is the most popular bust in Italy, and the dealer has made his fortune through her. The artist died without knowing that his work had at last found appreciation. Masks:—Dante, 3s. 6d.; Homer, 3s. 6d.; Venus Milo, 2s. 6d., original size; St. Jerome, 5s., French; St. Jerome, 3s. 6d., M. Angelo; Slave, 2s. 6d., M. Angelo; Madonna, 2s. 6d., by M. Angelo; Cupids (4), 1s. 6d. each, Flamingo, very good. Statuettes:—Venus de Milo, 3 ft. 9 in., 15s.; Venus de Milo, 2 ft. 9 in., 7s. 6d.; Venus de Milo, 1 ft. 4 in., 2s.; Discobolon, 2 ft. 3 in., 5s.; Fighting Gladiator, 2 ft. 3 in., 5s.; David, M. Angelo, 2 ft. 6 in., 7s. 6d.; Perseus, Cellini, 3 ft. 6 in., £1; David and Goliath's Head, 3 ft., 15s. Plaques, Shields, etc.:—Bunyan Shield, 3s. 6d.; Milton Shield, 3s.; S.S. Peter and Paul, 8 in. by 6 in., 1s. 6d. each. Head of Christ, bas-relief, 5s., Donatello; Head of St. Cecilia, 5s., Donatello; Head of St. John, 5s., Donatello; Head of Parthenon, 2s. each. Mr. Alberti will forward photographs of any of the above before purchasing.

LITTLE COOKS.

Sausage Rolls. 2 ozs. pork; sage, salt and pepper; 1 teaspoonful of gravy; flour. Take 2 ozs. pork and chop it very finely; add to it a little sage, salt and pepper; well mix it, and add 1 teaspoonful of gravy.

Make some pastry, roll it into thin squares, put some meat on each, and wet the edges with water. Roll the paste over,

pinch the edges and ends securely, brush over with a little milk, and bake in a quick oven for 20 minutes.

Fried Cod. $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. cod; salt; piece of lemon; egg; bread crumbs; soft paper; dripping.

Take $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. cod, and cut it into pieces the size of a walnut, rub them with salt, and squeeze a little lemon juice over them; then brush them well over with beaten egg, roll them in bread crumbs, and fry in hot dripping.

When you take them out of the dripping, put them on soft paper to absorb the fat; then remove them to the dish you are going to serve them on. Mind the fat is perfectly still, and a blue smoke rising from it before you put the fish in.

Parsley Sauce. $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. butter; $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. flour; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful parsley; a little salt; 2 tablespoonsful water.

Boil the water in a pan. Mix the flour and butter in a basin; by degrees add the water, making it quite smooth; add the parsley and salt, and stir all together.

EDITH OLLIFF,

Lecturer on Cooking to the County Council.

CHILDREN'S GARDENS.

Winter is fairly on us now, still, if frosts are not severe we can find work to do in the garden.

Pruning can be continued, stray shoots cut off, others nailed or tied up in their proper places. Examine your seedlings, carnations, auriculas, etc., scatter a little fresh earth over them to protect them from frost, and when a thaw comes press the soil firmly round the roots. Kill all the slugs you can, they are most troublesome, especially in a wet season, and do a great deal of damage to young shoots. Dig up any spare ground, after having spread a good layer of rotten manure over it. A wet, heavy soil is improved by a dressing of cinder ashes and road sand.

Continue to sweep up dead leaves, by this time you ought to have a good heap. Some people dig a deep pit for their leaves, and put ashes from burnt weeds and manure altogether. Soot is very useful as manure, but must be used sparingly. If the frost is very severe a thin layer of stable manure will

prove a great protection to the roots of roses and carnations, but as it rather harbours slugs you must be careful.

Protect Christmas roses from frost and slugs. If the buds are forward and any prospect of hard frost, pick the blooms and put them in a moderately warm room. The flowers will open, and be whiter and more perfect than if left out in the cold. The same plan can be followed with out-door chrysanthemums, so it is possible to have flowers indoors even if one does not possess a hot-house.

The early bulbs potted and forced in October, should now be showing for bloom. Do not use the watering pot too freely. Things are so apt to "damp off" and get mouldy.

Pick off all dead leaves and keep the flower pots and shelves of the greenhouse clean and tidy. Admit plenty of fresh air, but do not chill. Examine all cuttings, and pull up any that have rotted, as they are apt to infect the others.

M. HOYSTED.

THE FLOWER ELF.

Once upon a time there lived a little boy, so wild and mischievous, that his friends all called him Pickles. To be lively is not a bad thing, but alas! sometimes Pickles' energy led him into naughty ways. When he went into the garden, for instance, and walked between the beds, he couldn't see a flower without wishing to pluck it, in order to first look at it, then smell it and then throw it away; a violet or any other flower he would take roughly from its stalk, without any pity for it, and throw it away directly into the yard or on the drive.

As you may imagine, the gardener, who took a great deal of trouble with his plants, got angry every day with the naughty child. He begged and prayed him to leave the beautiful flowers alone; but in spite of all, the boy tried his patience so often, that at last he complained to Pickles' father, who was very cross, and punished him for being cruel to the poor flowers.

Then the flowers lived a short time in peace, and bloomed luxuriantly in the well-planted beds until, one day, Pickles slipped into the garden, and began to pluck them once again.

A magnificent tulip grew there, so tall that the slightest breath of air caused her to wave hither and thither, and being the only one out, she could not hide herself from the boy's eyes, so he ran up to her, and, snip-snap, she was soon in his cruel hands. He looked at her; he had never in his life seen such a lovely red colour, and the yellow stripes that ornamented the tulip, seemed to glisten like gold. When he had gazed a full minute he began to wish as usual to take off the leaves one by one; but as he took the first between his thumb and finger, he thought he heard a small voice crying. He looked again into the tulip, but could see nobody there; but still he felt so frightened that he dare not pick any more leaves off; so he carried it to his nursery and laid it in a box inside a cupboard that contained his books and toys. He would not have thought again of the flower, if he had not, in the evening, just when his sisters were going to bed, heard a slight noise coming from the desk, as if a fly was fluttering in it. He opened it and listened. The sound evidently came out of the box in which he had put the tulip. He opened it, and sure enough, a red-and-gold fly flew about in it, whose wings were so glistening and transparent that the evening glow which came through the window seemed to play on them. Pickles tried to catch the beautiful creature, but that was not necessary, for it settled at once on the tulip, whose leaves were drooping, and whose head hung lifelessly on the stem. Pickles took the flower up, and took the fly in his hand to look at it more closely. He was surprised it sat so quietly, and still more so, when he saw it was no ordinary fly after all. He took his little microscope to look yet more closely at the wonderful insect.

Wonder of wonders! Instead of a fly sat a little Turk under the magnifying glass. He wore a red and yellow turban, just the colour of tulip leaves; his wide tunic was green, and the under-skirt dark brown, like the scales of a tulip bulb—in short, it was a full-blown, perfect Turk, who had nothing that resembled a fly but the wings and a long, thin body. Pickles let him fall, he was so very, very much astonished, and then he heard a little voice saying "Naughty boy; naughty boy!"

He very quickly picked him up again, and saw the Turk was looking at him with round brown eyes, and that he had

drawn a sword no bigger than the sting of a fly. He cried louder, "Naughty boy; naughty boy!" Pickles could very easily have killed the little man, but he was too curious, and wished to see what would happen next, so he said, "Why am I a naughty boy?"

"Because you have destroyed my home and my food."

"How?" asked Pickles, still more surprised, "You have lived in the tulip?"

"Yes, of course; I am a tulip elf."

"What are elves?" asked Pickles, curiously.

"Little people who live in the flowers, and who are like them. I look, for instance, like a Turk, and my turban resembles the tulip, and has the colours of her leaves. In a larkspur lives a horny knight. The thistle shelters an old lady, whose dress is covered with the points of broken needles, so that everyone is pricked who attempts to pluck it. In the rose sits a lovely queen, dressed in pink silk, and who wears a golden crown on her head; and a tall maiden in a long white veil and dress, with a gold belt, lives in the lily. The night violet contains a very silent elf, who likes to sit on the eye-lids of children, so that they soon fall asleep. In the cornflower a miller grinds a sweet smelling dust, that the elves sprinkle over the cheeks of babies so that they look white and red, and in a flaxflower a busy lady elf spins a fine thread, compared to which a spider's thread looks a thick rope, and millions of these, strung together, float over the fields late in the summer. In every forget-me-not you can see, if you look long enough, a little baby elf, with two lovely blue eyes. In the camomile, an elf with a long beard is constantly brewing a magic drink in a diamond pan. Oh! I cannot really name all the elves. I can only tell you that each little flower over which your foot passes thoughtlessly has its own elf."

"Do you never leave your flowers?" asked Pickles.

"Oh yes!" answered the Turk, "every night when the moon shines bright, we come from the mountains and hedges into the woods and gardens, and dance merrily together. If a man or a woman come near we quickly hide ourselves in a dew drop, which then shines all the brighter. But we take lost children into our special care; we drive away the night fogs from them with the waving of our wings, and sing a little

song into the child's ear, which shows them how to find the right way."

"Where are you in the winter?" asked the boy.

"In the winter we retire into the bulbs of our flowers, and only leave them again when the spring comes and the leaves break out. Then we unfold our wings, which have been rolled up in the root, and let them lie for a time in the sun, where they shine like a rainbow. Men think we are midges or flies."

"What do you eat and drink?" enquired Pickles.

"The bloom and sap of the flower of course. Sometimes we sip a little dewdrop when it rests on our leaves, but it is too strong for us to take often. Oh! you naughty boy! you have taken away all my food. I shall die of hunger. Alas! alas!"

"No, no, not so, my dear Elf," said Pickles, whose heart was quite softened at the sight of the Elf's tears. "I have some sugar plums. I am not allowed to eat them, but I am sure you would like them. I will give you the biggest, so please don't cry any more. See, I will make a hole in this beautiful sugar strawberry, and then you can drink, and if you would like it, I will bring you a dewdrop every morning." He laid the strawberry in a corner of the box, but he saw through the microscope that the little man shook his head sadly, and lay down on the half-faded tulip and shut his eyes. When Pickles saw that he did not wish to speak again, he shut the box and took out the key, so that some air might get in through the keyhole.

"If he had only taken some of the strawberry first," he thought, "he would have been much better, and he would soon get accustomed to new food. I won't let him want for anything. A toy that can talk is much too lovely."

The following morning, he took more sweets and a dewdrop on a tulip leaf to his cupboard, hoping that his little visitor would have finished his strawberry. He was surprised to find it, as he had left it, in the corner. He took his microscope. Alas! the Elf lay sorrowfully on the now faded tulip. "Oh!" said the boy, "dear, dear Elf, you haven't touched the food I left you."

"I found a little sap in the stalk of my flower, and some dust on her calyx, so I am satisfied to-day. Now, it is all

finished, and I know I shall have to die of hunger, unkind boy!"

Pickles begged so hard that the Elf would try to eat some of the sweets; but he only sat on the dead flower, and hid his face in his hands. The boy slipped away, feeling very unhappy, and so sorry he had taken the Tulip, and did not dare to go near his prisoner again until the evening. When he opened the box, he saw at once that part of the strawberry had been taken. "Have you really eaten something I brought you?" he cried.

"Hunger hurts badly," answered the Elf crossly, as he saw Pickles taking away his dear Tulip, and putting some sugar in its place.

After this Pickles brought the little Turk a fresh bon-bon every day, and saw with delight that he objected no more to his sweet food; what also pleased him was, that he began to see him quite clearly without the aid of the magnifying glass. He began after a time to bring him a crumb of bread and a drop of milk; and then his guest got so accustomed to a change, that Pickles fed him from his own plate. He enjoyed the fun so much, that he did not at first notice that this food produced the same effect on the little man that it did on boys and girls, and that he was really growing: until one day he found he was as tall as his little finger. He grew more and more, and at last was too big to remain in the box. So Pickles made a sofa for him out of his silk handkerchief, and placed it in a corner of the cupboard shelf, so that the Turk could sit or lie down as he chose.

Occasionally, Pickles would take the Elf out of the cupboard and let him walk up and down the table, and watch him draw his sword and swing it over his head, which looked very funny.

His step could soon be heard as he marched; but his wings which had been so bright looked broken, and he made no effort to use them. Pickles was more delighted with him than ever, so that he was very sorry indeed when his visitor began to look ill. He grew thinner and thinner, and one day Pickles found him lying on his couch very weak and motionless; his face and hands were covered with wrinkles, and his clothes were torn in many places.

"Poor, poor Elf," said Pickles, "what is the matter with you?"

"I must obey the laws of nature, I suppose," answered the Turk, "Did you not notice that the gardener took the tulip bulbs out of the ground a long time ago? Since then I have wasted away, for my life depends on the root. Now she will soon fade, and I must die with her. Unkind boy, had you not enough joys and pleasures without hurting a beautiful flower? Alas, I die!"

"No," cried Pickles, "you shall not die, see, now is the time the gardener puts the tulip roots again into the garden, and the root of your flower will grow up again, as fresh as ever. I will take you to it, and you shall live again, so don't be sad."

"Foolish boy," answered the little man, "when an Elf is taken from the root, they both wither and die. Leave me, I don't want to speak to you any more."

He turned on his side, and shut his eyes.

Pickles shut the cupboard door, and said softly to himself, "How many elves I must have killed! Oh, if I had known all this before!"

Although the boy saw that he could do no more for the poor Turk, he continued to visit him daily, and always found him lying on the couch looking like a dead old man. The sight troubled him, but still he could not make up his mind to bury him.

He therefore covered him with a white handkerchief and left him for some time.

Christmas drew near, and one day the gardener brought a flower pot into the nursery.

"I can't understand this pot," he said. "All the other tulips have grown up well, with the exception of this one. So I think it must be dead, and I did want to bring your mother all the six in full bloom on Christmas Day. I will put it by the fireplace, perhaps the heat will bring it to life."

A few days after this, Pickles was standing by his cupboard, and suddenly remembered his little Turk. He lifted the handkerchief. Oh! wonder! he lay perfectly still, but his eyes were wide open, and they looked enquiringly at the boy, who uttered a cry of joy; but instantly shut the door as the gardener came into the room the same moment to look at his flower.

"Really," he said. "I can see the tips of a leaf. The pot had better remain here until the flower comes."

Pickles couldn't sleep at all that night, he thought all the time of the Elf, and as soon as daylight appeared he jumped up, and found him sitting up on the couch.

"My own root must be somewhere near me," he murmured, "or I should not have been roused from my sleep."

"It is here," cried Pickles. "As soon as you are stronger I will take you to it."

The Elf looked lovingly at the boy's happy face. "I shall soon be all right again," he said.

So it came to pass, and as the tulip grew higher and higher, he grew stronger, and his wings began to flutter, but he was not as beautiful as he had been formerly; the colours he wore were not so bright, and the tulip bud did not open as it ought to have done.

"Perhaps it will not blossom after all," said the gardener. "It is a pity."

When Pickles again visited the cupboard, the convalescent Elf said to him,

"I have heard the gardener's complaint. Alas, the bud will not open until I am free. If you would be kind to me, do carry me to it. It is something higher than Fate that has brought my own flower to me. You have now a chance of doing me a good turn. Won't you do it, dear boy?"

"But if I take you, I shall never see you any more," answered Pickles; and he began to cry. "I love you so much."

"I will look out of my flower at you, and the memory of the kindness you have done me will always make you feel happy. Oh! do let me go to my house."

Pickles loved the Elf very dearly, but he had begun to feel pity for him, so he took up the little Flower Elf tenderly and placed him by the side of the Tulip bud. The Turk spread out his wings, and flew on to the point of the bud. This movement stirred the leaves, so that they opened, and the flower sprung out.

The astonished eyes of the boy saw the little spirit grow smaller and smaller, until he disappeared in the heart of the flower, and out of its depths came the words, "Good boy, good boy."

The Tulip bloomed more beautiful than before, and when the gardener carried the six pots into the room on Christmas Day, she was the finest of all.

Pickles never pulled a flower thoughtlessly after this, and became a great favourite of the gardener, who always gave him his biggest strawberries and gooseberries and all other fruits.

COMPETITION.

Favourite Pieces of Poetry.—It will surprise many readers to see the varied poems read and cared for by the children of to-day. Not one of the old orthodox poems so dear to the hearts of their mothers when young, have been chosen. The letters are nearly all very neatly written, and every child can clearly state a reason for preferring their favourites—

- "The Martyrdom of Marius," by *Mrs. Crewdson*, Jennett R. Backhouse;
 "Lucy Gray," by *Wordsworth*, Kathie M. B. Wood;
 "Village Blacksmith," by *Longfellow*, Oswald (7);
 "Seven Times One," by *Jean Ingelow*, Gertrude Andrews;
 "Marmion," by *Scott*, Margery Cudworth (11);
 "I wandered lonely as a cloud" by *Wordsworth*, Hilda Spafford;
 "Winken, Blinken and Nod," a Dutch lullaby, Doris Robson;
 "The Daffodil," by *Wordsworth*, Mary Rees (6½);
 "Little White Lily," by *G. Macdonald*, Madge and Sydney Franklin (7 and 5½);
 "Horatius," by *Macaulay*, Dora R. A. Torr (10);
 "On the Landing," by *Bret Harte*, Hilda Latham;
 "The Cow and the Ass," by *Miss Taylor*, Geoffrey Latham;
 "Horatius," by *Lord Macaulay*, Robin Rees (8½);
 "Dolly and Dick," by *Coxhead*, Harold Rowntree (7);
 "John Gilpin," by *Cowper*, May Warren Vernon;
 "The Crow's Children," by *Phæbe Cary*, May Wallis (8);
 "The Lost Doll," Dora Wallis;
 "Seven Times One," by *Jean Ingelow*, Eline Kitching.

CHILDREN'S SOCIETIES.

"The end of man is action, not a thought."—*Carlyle*.

"Noble desires, unless filled up with action,

Are but a shell of gold, hollow within."—*Roscoe*.

It has been suggested that a list and a short account of some of the leading Children's Leagues or Societies would be useful, both to the children who might be induced to become

members, and to the Societies who all need sympathy and help. As the paper will be continued in January, I should be grateful to anyone who will forward the rules and particulars of any other Societies, so that our list may be as complete and helpful as possible. Many children will probably have already joined one or more; but there may be some parents who have not known of the existence of so many, and who, during this happy Christmas, may be pleased to lead their little ones to think of others not so happy and fortunate as themselves.

THE YOUNG HELPERS' LEAGUE

Has for its President H.R.H. Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, and Vice-president, H.R.H. Princess Victoria May, Duchess of York. It is a voluntary union of boys and girls under 18 years of age, chiefly of the upper and middle classes, who agree to do all they can to help blind, deaf and dumb and sick children of the waif and stray class. Every who becomes a companion will be informed of the ways in which he or she can assist. Over 15,000 boys and girls have already become members. The form of application is as follows:—

DEAR MISS NORTON,—

I desire to become an enrolled companion of the Young Helpers' League, and I enclose you a Postal Order for one shilling as my subscription for 1894. Please send me to the following address, my card of membership and your Young Helper's League Magazine during the year 1894.

I am, etc.

To Miss Rachel Norton, Secretary of the Young Helpers' League,
 18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.

The Magazine is sent free to all companions of the League who have paid the annual subscription. I would like to record my gratitude to this Society for the help they rendered a few years ago to a case which interested me very much.

A little boy called Willie — was living in one of our big northern towns. He was deformed and helpless, his legs not having grown since he was a few months old. He was ten years old, and always sat during the day on a square piece of wood on wheels, with his poor little baby legs tucked under him. He had a bright, intelligent face, and was very clever with his fingers, but no school would receive him on account of his deformity, so the boy seemed

likely to grow up perfectly ignorant and, as his father said, "There is nothing for him in the future but to sit in the streets and beg." Willie's mother was very ill in the infirmary, and the doctors gave no hope of her recovery. The poor woman's one cry was, "I cannot die until I know Willie will be looked after."

Several societies and homes were written to to ascertain if they would undertake the boy's education, but his deformity stood in the way, and he was rejected by all. Dr. Barnardo writes constantly, *no child ever refused*, in his books and leaflets. Without hope he was written to, and by return of post a letter came saying Willie must be sent at once to London, and they would receive him, educate him, and teach him a trade. The glad news was taken at once to his mother, whose face lightened up with a beautiful smile as she listened. She died two hours after, her brave mother-heart having found peace. So Willie was sent to London in the guard's van, and was met in London by a kind friend; and now this waif is well and happy, does his lessons well, and is learning the trade of a shoemaker.

THE MINISTERING CHILDREN'S LEAGUE.

The General Secretary and foundress is the Countess of Meath, 83, Lancaster Gate, London, and the General Organising Secretary, Miss Medhurst, 124, Inverness Terrace, London.

This Society was started in 1885, and has not only taken firm root in the British Isles, but it is also doing good work in the United States and in Canada, where between 200 and 300 branches have been inaugurated.

Its *Objects* are to promote kindness, unselfishness, and the habit of usefulness amongst children, and to create in their minds an earnest desire to help the needy and suffering, and to aid the necessities of the poor by supplying them with warm clothing, etc. The great *Rule* is "Every member of the League must *try* to do *at least* one kind deed every day."

Associates are requested to give an annual subscription of 2s.

If anyone desires to establish a Branch of the League in any town, village or district, the first step is to obtain the consent of the clergy. Then write to the M.C.L. Secretary,

83, Lancaster Gate, W., who will be glad to give all information, and supply papers, etc.

Meetings should be held half-yearly or quarterly, so that the interest of the children may be sustained. They should be encouraged to bring to this meeting any work they may have done for poor children during the term. Some definite charitable scheme should be set going, such as the support of an orphan in the M.C.L. Homes, or the maintenance of a cot in a children's hospital. An ailing child might be sent from one of our crowded cities, to the sea-side or to the country for a holiday.

There is a need for the Ministering Children's League. The Countess of Meath writes:—"It is sad to note how many deeds of kindness remain undone, how many hours and days are wasted, and how much misery remains unalleviated because men, women and children have never acquired the habit of making themselves of use to their fellow creatures, and have never learned to appreciate the luxury of doing good. Even self-denying parents have self-indulgent children, and to the former it is a sore trial to see their offspring growing into selfish men and women."

This League has been formed in the hope that, under the Providence of God, it may prove a humble instrument for the diffusion of happiness, and the alleviation of misery, and that it may lead in some small degree to the moral improvement of the rising generation.

THE DICKY BIRD SOCIETY.

The pledge of this society runs as follows: I hereby promise to be kind to all living things, to protect them to the utmost of my power, to feed the birds in the winter time, and never to take or destroy a nest. I also promise to get as many boys and girls as possible to join the Dicky Bird Society.

Every boy or girl is admitted a member on taking the above pledge. Each new member must sign his or her name on the list sent to Uncle Toby, *Weekly Chronicle* Office, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Every envelope should bear in the corner a drawing or picture of a bird.

The Society was started in 1876, when Uncle Toby began to instil week by week, into the minds of the children that read the *Weekly Chronicle*, the duty of kindness to all living things.

Uncle Toby first told the children a tale. "A wise old bird, once upon a time, used to come and explain his troubles to him. This wise old bird was Father Chirpie. There were two things that made his life very miserable. First of all: "in the snowy weather I cannot get enough to eat; then in the spring-time, when I and my little wife build a small house for our little ones, cruel boys come sometimes and steal it away." So Uncle Toby asked the children if they would form a Society to alter this state of things; and the result is that, even in 1888, there were 140,000 members of the Dicky Bird Society. There are branches all over England; also in Australia, Nova Scotia, New Zealand, Africa, and almost all parts of Canada and the United States.

One funny letter is published by Uncle Toby from a lad who was so much in earnest that he and his brother actually thrashed another boy whom they saw torturing a sparrow.

DEAR UNCLE TOBY,—My brother and I have made up our minds to protect all the little birds. We started on Saturday, when the punching my brother Charlie gave Tommy Smith, who lives in our street, was awful. The cruel boy had a sparrow tied by the leg to a bit of string, which was hung over a lamp post, and was dangling the poor bird before his dog, and frightening it nearly to death. I chased the dog with my mother's clothes' prop, while my brother settled Tommy, and has promised to give him more unless he joins your Dicky Bird Society.

Yours truly,—WILLIAM JOSEPH TAIT.

Uncle Toby will give the members, after they have joined, many ideas of work to do.

CHILDREN'S LEAGUE OF PITY.

Miss Bolton, the Assistant Secretary of the Society, writes in the first number of the Children's Magazine, which appeared in August of this year.

In this League we seek the help of well-to-do and happy children in the cause of those who are suffering and sorrowful.

To get money, and to give it, is the work we ask our helpers to do. It is a costly thing to make people who are cruel to children to do right, and we need all the help which kind-hearted and unselfish young folks can give us to make all the homes in the country, where little children are un-blessed by love, and who are sick, sad, and tearful, as happy as the homes of those who join our Children's League of Pity.

This is the object of the League, and little collectors will receive each month a Magazine to stimulate their interest

and sympathy. I should like to state emphatically that no tales of horror, no painful and harrowing details will ever be given in this Magazine. In the one before me, there is a happy photograph of the children in front of their home, waiting to see the Queen drive past. There is an account of a lame boy who made nets and sold them for Mr. Waugh's children, and a photograph of a little orphan who looks as happy as a king sitting on the back of a donkey.

The Society is open to all boys and girls under 16. Children are not asked to beg from people they do not know. That is absolutely forbidden. They can raise money by sales of work, children's bazaars, sewing parties; and boys can with their tools make many toys to give to little folks who have never had a toy before.

Let us encourage our children to be makers of the happiness of the sad little ones of our beloved country.

The child whose capacity for pity and love is unfolded shall afterwards "read elder truths, sad truths, grand truths, fearful truths. So shall he rise again *before* he dies. And so shall our commission be accomplished which from God we had—to plague his heart until we had unfolded the capacities of His Spirit."

COMPETITIONS.

Riddles.—Connie Brightwen, May Warren Vernon, Colin Evriquiz.

Girls' Competition.—For a darn, Mabel Herring has taken the prize. Hilda Spafford, May Warren Vernon, Dorothy Senior, Emmie Wilson, Dorothy Trevor Roper.

Boys' Competition.—For polishing a piece of wood, Humphrey Garnett and Harold Rowntree divide the prize, Arnold Vernon and Percy Godding also did good work.